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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

SNOW CRYSTALS

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, and color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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EDITORIAL

DR. HUNG

DR. HUNG'S DEATH—two days before Christmas—deprives Fellowship in Prayer of its first president, its chief defender, one of its best and sanest minds. This editor's memories of Dr. Hung go back to the winter of 1966, when he was interviewed by him and then-Executive Secretary Kathryn Brown for the job on the publication which was being vacated by Neil Mellblom. Dr. Hung's doubts about me seemed to focus on the many changes of job I had had. Miss Brown alleviated these by pointing out that I had been an editor of *Presbyterian Life* for fifteen years. My doubts about the Fellowship were alleviated by him in turn. I was afraid of getting into something that could have been parochial, uninteresting. These fears were wholly dissipated during dinner by Dr. Hung's intelligence, candor, and sense of humor. A former Harvard professor, he was not afraid of a touch of eccentricity—which, that night, was visible in the beret he put on as he said goodnight in the probably overelegant reaches of the lobby of the Prince George Hotel, where much of the Fellowship's business was carried on in those days. Gazing after that beret and the little oriental figure beneath, I saw a charm and a degree of sophistication that are not always associated with the serious-minded, the concerned, and the responsible. After coming to work on the publication, I did not see Dr. Hung except socially when, passing through Boston, Miss Brown and I stopped in to say hello or asked him along with other locally situated trustees to dinner at the Ritz. On these occasions I saw the charm in full operation. During this period, moreover, the main communications that came from him to me were those tiny memorandums of his, written in his small extra-neat hand, expressing his appreciation of something, an essay or poem, that had caught his eye in the publication. When the Lilly bequest made it possible for the Fellowship to expand its activities, Dr. Hung began coming to annual board-meetings at which he assumed just as formidable a position as he did at dinner tables. Although his purpose was invariably to guide the Fellowship closer to what he believed its and founder Carl Evans's original purpose had been, and although he could be toughly insistent on this, he practiced a kind of delightful diplomacy that was a joy to observe. . . . This, of course, was the great quality of the man. This simple steadfastness among such a diversity of abilities and qualities. It was wonderful to know that it was there to be relied on: to know that William Hung was there.

As we close this issue, word has arrived of the death—on January 5—of Francis Merchant, a Fellowship member since 1959, a Trustee since 1969, and always one of our best and most prolific writers. —P.G.

WHAT CAN WE RIGHTLY PRAY FOR?

by David Gunston

Finding out what's appropriate or useful

I ONCE KNEW a very saintly person who made everything as he put it "a matter for prayer." I have no doubt all his desires were sanctified by his very saintliness, but for the rest of us ordinary folk, there must be certain areas where prayer is neither appropriate or likely to succeed. So what can rightly be prayed for? It is a question that we should all ask ourselves regularly as our prayer life deepens and matures.

The fundamental pattern of our praying must be to offer our needs and desires to God, to co-operate at every level with Him. It therefore follows that we must always be willing to work within the limits he has set upon us through the basic laws of nature and universe. While we recognize that it would be absurd to pray for the sun and moon to alter their courses, for gravity to be suspended or life to stand still, we sometimes need to remember that we cannot rightly ask for lesser miracles beyond the divine rules. God has created this framework in which we live out our lives rather like a firm stage upon which we play out our role. To expect Him to alter or bend his rules just for us is the profoundest and wickedest of human conceits.

Prayer is therefore always at some point limited in the order of God. It is identification with his creative purpose as it stands now: it is obedient and reverent participation in His endlessly advancing work. Our prayers cannot, and should not seek to reverse the divine direction, but instead always ask that we be enabled to work co-operatively with Him. As John B. Magee says: "Prayers focus primarily on those aspects of existence which are dynamic and growing, the turning points or growing edges of life. It is not concerned with the rigid deposits of past growth, the bole of the tree, but with the buds and twig tips where change is encountered."

Nowhere are these truths more evident than in prayers for health and healing. Obviously it is no use praying for our own good health if we disobey every known rule of health, if we overeat or overdrink, take insufficient exercise, abuse our bodies in any way. The remedies lie in our own hands. Likewise it would be a waste of time to pray that an amputated leg or finger will grow again. Equally, it is always very much worthwhile praying that an ulcer or a cancerous sore or an infected lung will heal because nature's trend is always towards healing and perfection, and we are seeking to co-operate with her healing power. Such healing, frequently encouraged by loving prayers, is using natural processes, however much they may on occasion be speeded up or seem to be miraculous. And the healing power of nature works in body, mind, *and* spirit. Where the undetermined future is yet to be determined, we can always rightly pray.

Nevertheless, our prayers must be both sincere and realistic. Many a time the answer to such a prayer is simply that we get up and do something about it ourselves. Health and social progress cannot advance and reach perfection overnight: research, patience, unselfish devotion and service, lots of faith and determination plus social improvements brought about by our own efforts are all needed. It would be foolish to expect prayer, however fervent and sincere, to wipe out disease and degradation overnight, making all the complicated, interrelating human co-operation involved unnecessary. And on another level, perhaps it is foolishly unrealistic to pray that some very old person clearly coming to the end of his days on earth, however loved he may be, does not die. This again would be seeking to side-step the known laws of the universe.

Similarly it may be unwise to pray for such great and complex issues as world peace and the brotherhood of man unless we ourselves are prepared to do something about these ideals if only to be kinder to others or curb our own aggressivenesss, bad temper, and self-centeredness.

It must always be right to pray that we may be enabled to grow up spiritually and emotionally, and to grow in grace, not in some blinding flash of improvement, but little by little each day. Also it must be right to pray for strength to break down those tough walls of prejudice, doubt, cynicism, and hardness of heart that prevent proper communion with God.

It cannot ever be right to pray just to get our own way, even when this is disguised in our own minds (though not in the sight of God) as a request for some virtue or blessing or benefit for ourselves or others. Selfishness can poison motive even in prayer. Perhaps it is better for our prayer life, to avoid using prayer as a sort of magic talisman in a crisis.

We can never rightly pray against others, whoever they are, however much we may think they have wronged us. We can never seek in prayer that someone dies, falls ill, endures misfortune or failure, but we can pray that evil in them be lessened and overcome, that evil acts they plan or commit may not prosper. Equally we must pray that we can forgive them completely, and search our hearts to find how similar (or worse) evil thoughts and desires flourish there.

Is it right to pray for the dead? In the past, especially in Victorian times, this was widely held to be wrong. The theory was that at death everything in a person's soul was irrevocably settled forever and that no human intercession could do any good. "Neither in revelation nor in reason is there a shred of evidence for this once prevalent delusion," averred William Temple. "We cannot doubt that growth in grace and power and love continues after death. But do not be content to pray for them. Let us also ask them to pray for us. In such prayers while they lived on earth they both displayed and consecrated their love towards

us. Doubtless that ministry of love continues: but let us seek it, ask for it, claim it. It is in the mutual service of prayer, our prayer for them and theirs for us, that we come closest to them."

We must always pray for anything and everything in God's name, which itself rules out many selfish, greedy, and ill-conceived things that we know in our hearts before we start to pray would not be in accord with His will and purpose. But we can and should pray that our talents, skills, abilities, and good qualities be fully developed, that our best endeavors be blessed, that our stupidity and rebelliousness be lessened, that we ourselves can ignore our fears, that our service may be extended and improved, "that all things will work together for good." It cannot but be right, too, to pray for sincerity in our prayers, that we should always be prepared to have them answered, with all the self-sacrifice and change this may entail.

It could well be that the final test of rightness of any prayer lies in the answer to the question: does this exalt God and seek to further his purposes, or does it exalt me and seek to further mine?

If the answer is in the first part, then all we need to remember is that God is the author and giver of all good things. He will welcome all our prayers, and he will know what we need. And in his own good time and in his own way he will answer our requests.

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Suns and Hymns and Minotaurs

by Hannah Dresser

Do you remember the darkened suns
Or singing grass
Bright/blind and burned
Were you there

Do you remember fade/jaded hymns
And my child's cry
God/gone and graced
Did you hear

Do you remember minotaurs
In ermine drag
Cos/comic lambs
Do you recall

SILENCE IS THE PRAYER

It is God who calls, "Adam, where are you?"

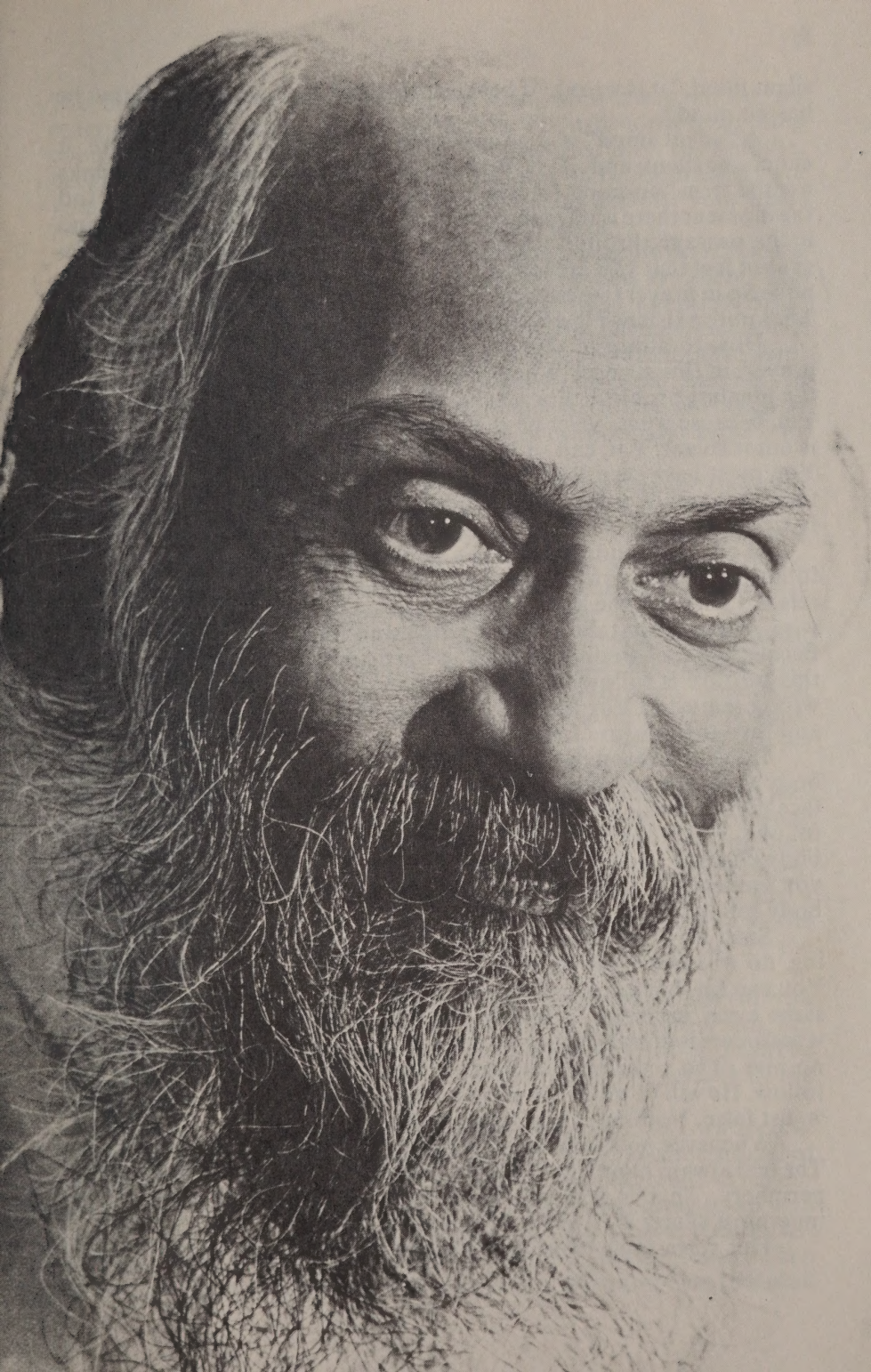
by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh

"SILENCE is the prayer." By prayer we always mean a communication, something said to the Divine, but the Upanishads say that whatsoever you may say will not be prayer. Prayer is not something to be done. You cannot do it. It is not an act; it is not your doing. So, really, you cannot "do" prayer, you can only be a prayer. It is not related to any of your doings. It is a certain state of your being.

So the first thing to be understood is that man has two dimensions in existence: one is his being, the other is his doing. Prayer is not part of the second. You cannot do it, and the prayer that is made will be false, inauthentic. *You* can be: prayer belongs to the dimension of being.

The body cannot do prayer, cannot be in prayer. The mind cannot do prayer, cannot be in prayer. The body is meant to do something; it is the vehicle of action. The mind is also a vehicle of action. Thinking is doing: it is action. So you cannot do anything with your body which can become prayer, neither can you do anything with your mind which can be called prayer, because these are both parts of the dimension of doing, action. Prayer happens beyond body and mind. So if your body is in total inactivity, passive, and your mind is nullified, empty, only then is prayer possible.

This sutra says, "Silence is prayer." When mind is not working, when body is not active, it is silent. One thing to be understood is that silence is not part of mind. So whenever we say, "He has a silent mind," it is nonsense. A mind can never be silent. The very being of mind is anti-silence. Mind is sound, not silence. So when we say, "He has a



silent mind," it is wrong. If he is really silent, then we must say that he has no mind.

A "silent mind" is a contradiction in terms. If mind is there, it cannot be silent; and if it is silent, it is no more. That is why Zen monks use the term "no-mind," never "silent mind." No-mind is silence. And the moment there is no-mind you cannot feel your body, because mind is the passage through which body is felt. If there is no-mind, you cannot feel that you are a body; the body disappears from consciousness. So in prayer there is neither mind nor body—only pure existence. That pure existence is indicated by *silence—mouna.*

How to attain to this prayer, to this silence? How to be in this prayer, in this silence? Whatsoever you can do will be useless; that is the greatest problem. For a religious seeker this is the greatest problem, because whatsoever he can do will lead nowhere—because doing is not relevant. You can sit in a particular posture: that is your doing. You must have seen Buddha's posture. You can sit in Buddha's posture: that will be a doing. For Buddha himself this posture happened. It was not a cause of his silence; rather, it was a byproduct.

When the mind is not, when the being is totally silent, the body follows like a shadow. The body takes a particular posture—the most relaxed possible, the most passive possible. But you cannot do otherwise. You cannot take a posture first and then make silence follow. Because we see a Buddha sitting in a particular posture, we think that if this posture is followed then the inner silence will follow. This is a wrong sequence. For Buddha the inner phenomenon happened first, and then this posture followed.

Look at it through your own experience: when you get angry, the body takes a particular posture, your eyes become blood-red, your face takes a particular expression. Anger is inside, and then the body follows. Not only outwardly; inwardly also, the whole chemistry of the body changes. Your blood runs fast, you breathe in a different way, you are ready to fight or take flight. But anger happens first, then the body follows.

Start from the other pole: make your eyes red, create fast breathing, do whatsoever you feel is done by the body when anger is there. You can act, but you cannot create anger inside. An actor is doing the same every moment. When he is acting a role of love, he is doing whatsoever is done by the body when love happens inside—but there is no love. The actor may be doing better than you, but love will not follow. He will be more apparently angry than you in real anger, but it is just false. Nothing is happening inside.

Whenever you start from without, you will create a false state. The real always happens first in the center, and then waves reach to the periphery. That is why this sutra says that prayer is silence. The innermost center is in prayer. Start from there.

This sutra says, "Silence is the prayer—*mounam stutihi.*" When

you are silent, with no monologue within, no anxiety within, no reactions within, with nothing incomplete or suspended, everything complete and finished, you become a space—just a space—infinite, because all the boundaries are your reactions, all the boundaries are your anxieties, all the boundaries of your being are just your madhouses. When you are silent, you are infinite space.

But why does this sutra call it prayer? Why bring prayer in? Better to call it meditation. Why call it prayer? When you are silent, it is meditation. Why bring prayer in? It is not brought unnecessarily—because when you become an infinite space, the Divine descends in you. You have called, you have invoked. When you are totally silent, you have become a host. Now the Divine guest can come. And only in this emptiness, in this silence, in this nothingness, can the Divine guest come. This is the only invitation, the only invocation. This is the only prayer.

Prayer means asking for the Divine to come, asking the Divine to be a guest to you. Words won't do, invitations won't do. Whatsoever you do—cry, weep—it won't do. First become a host. Silence is becoming a host. Now you are ready. Now there is no need to pray, now there is no need to request. No invitation is needed—the Divine descends. When you are silent, the Divine is there.

Prayer is a consequence of real meditation. Only a meditator can pray—because he knows, because he feels, because now God's presence is not just an argument, not a logical thing, but something experienced, something lived. And then prayer is no more a complaint. Then prayer is a surrender, then prayer is pure love—no desire attached to it, no conditions. It is sheer gratefulness.

Let prayer come after meditation. Meditate. Meditation will prepare your heart, it will cleanse you. It will cleanse you of your thoughts, it will throw out all the rubbish that you have been carrying in your head for ages, for lives; it will make space for prayer to happen. Meditation is like preparing a ground for a rosebed; prayer is like a rose. First you have to prepare the ground—you have to remove the weeds, you have to change the soil, you have to throw out all the stones.

Meditation prepares the bed. And only in a prepared bed can you plant roses. Otherwise weeds will overrun your roses, and weeds will exploit the whole soil and your roses will not get much—they will be poor roses. And if there are stones in the ground, the growth of the roses will be stunted.

First prepare the ground, then prayer happens of its own accord. Prayer is something that you cannot do. Meditation is something that you can do, because it has something to do with your mind—it is *your* mind, you can do something with it. Prayer has something to do with God. God is beyond, far away, one does not know where. What is His address? What is His name? Where to send these prayers? So you can go on praying to empty skies and deep down you know that this is all

futile. But maybe . . . perhaps it works, perhaps it doesn't work, but it costs nothing, so one goes on praying.

First prepare yourself in meditation. Meditation means a thoughtless silence, a thoughtless awareness. Peace. When that peace is there, one day prayer bursts forth. You simply see a bud opening in your being, your heart becomes a flower, and there is much fragrance. That fragrance is prayer. You bow down. Now God is no more far away. He is very close by—you are bridged by your flowering.

Prayers done without meditation are formal, foolish. Prayers done without meditation are meaningless—a sheer wastage of time and energy and life.

I teach you meditation. And prayer cannot be taught. When meditation has happened, one day you stumble upon prayer. Prayer is grace. Meditation can be effortful, but prayer happens effortlessly. Forget about prayer and forget about God; you have first to do great work upon yourself. Be absolutely concerned with only one thing: how to drop the mind. In the dropping of the mind is all—prayer will arise. Prayer is a reward to a meditator; it is a consequence.

About this, the Eastern mystics are very clear—from Patanjali to Krishnamurti, they all teach meditation. And the reason is that the work has to be with the human mind. Prayer means a dialogue with the universal mind. Wait, be patient, first be capable of that dialogue. And then you need not go anywhere—when you are silent you hear that still small voice within your heart. In fact the dialogue is always started by God from the other side. You cannot start the dialogue, you can only be receptive; on your end a great receptivity is needed. And the moment you are ready, suddenly something is connected and the bell starts ringing. But the call comes from the other side. It is God who calls Adam "Where are you? Where are you hiding?"

When Adam committed his sin, he became very much afraid of God. God had prohibited it; now he had betrayed, he had been disobedient. He started feeling guilty. And God started searching for him—and he was hiding behind this bush and that, and God was shouting all over the Garden of Eden, "Adam, where are you?"

Since that day, God has been calling and you are hiding behind this bush or that.

You need not have any prayer. You only need a silent heart which can hear the shouting God, the call of God. He is calling you, you need not call Him. Just be a deep receptivity. That's what meditation is all about, it makes you receptive. In that receptivity you start hearing God talking to you.

Real prayer is when God talks to you, unreal prayer is when you talk to God.

(From the discourse series: *The Ultimate Alchemy, The Revolution.* Copyright© 1980 Rajneesh Foundation, India. All rights reserved.)

My Visit to Oberammergau

by Reuben Musey

MY WIFE ROSIE and I had the pleasure to witness the performance of the *The Passion of Christ* presented by the villagers of Oberammergau in Bavaria on an open-air stage before an audience of five-thousand two hundred. "Welcome to all whom here the tender love of the Saviour unites, mourning to follow Him, on His journey of suffering to his final resting place. . . ."

This quotation, the opening words from the prologue, set the tone for the six-hour play.

The villagers of Oberammergau have performed this play for three centuries. They are amateurs and yet their lives are affected by the play since infancy. It is an honor for a villager to be selected to perform. All props and costumes are made in the village itself and each year the Burgomaster orders the men to start growing beards a year ahead of time. People from all over the world come to see this play. This year it was our year to see the Oberammergau Passion Play.

Drawing by Liz Schweber.

A Cage for Satan

A short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer

IN THE FORTY years that Rabbi Naphtali Sencyminer had waged war against the evil spirits, he contended with imps, demons, dybbuks, and harpies, and sooner or later he vanquished them all—with incantations, with amulets, with the power of his voice, his cane, the stomping of his feet, and his curses. A single passion still consumed him—to capture one of these impure spirits, to bind it and lock it up in a cage like a wild beast. The rabbi had a cage suited to the purpose in his attic. One of his Hasidim, an iron merchant, had had it constructed for him in secret. It was made of heavy bars surrounded by thick wire mesh and had a door with two locks. On the mesh the rabbi had hung incantations written in a scribal hand on parchment, as well as a ram's horn and a prayer shawl that had once belonged to the Kozienice Preacher. On its floor lay the chains the famous saint Joseph della Reyna had used to shackle Satan. Rabbi Joseph hadn't managed to keep Satan prisoner, for he took pity on him and gave him a pinch of snuff. Two fires shot from Satan's nostrils and the chains fell from him. Rabbi Naphtali was determined to show the Devil no mercy. He planned to keep him in the dark without food or water, surrounded by the holy names of God and angels. Rabbis and even righteous Gentiles from all over the world would come to Sencymin to witness Rabbi Naphtali's triumph.

Well, but no matter how many traps Rabbi Naphtali set for Satan and his hosts they managed to elude him. One time he seized a wraith by the beard and a Lilith by its hair, but before he could imprison them they wriggled away. These fiends came back in the night to taunt the rabbi, to whistle in his ear and spit upon him. A sprite with the face of a billy goat deposited a pile of dung upon the rabbi's sacred book. It left behind the stench of galbanum.

By the time the rabbi passed his seventies, he began to despair. His wife had died. The cage in the attic was covered with spiderwebs and the chains had rusted.

But one summer night late in the month of Ab something occurred that impressed the rabbi as a miracle. It happened this way. The rabbi's beadle, Reb Gronam Getz, a patriarch who had served Rabbi Naphtali's father, fell sick for the first time in his eighty-seven

years and was taken to the hospital. From the day the rabbi became a widower, Gronam Getz had stayed in the rabbi's bedroom to guard him from the spirits and their revenge. Now the rabbi slept alone; he had no faith in the young beadles. That night before he went to bed, the rabbi not only read the prayers of the holy Isaac Luria, as usual, but he recited those psalms specifically intended to drive away nocturnal trespassers. He had placed a Book of Creation under his pillow, and a long-bladed knife such as pregnant women kept under their pillows to ward off Shibta, the arch-enemy of the newly born. He also left a wax candle burning in a holder.

The rabbi slept in a white cloak belted with a sash; white stockings; and two skullcaps—one at his forehead, one at the back of his skull—as well as a ritual garment with special eight-fold twisted fringes. The moment he laid his head on the pillow and recited "Thou who makest the bands of sleep fall upon mine eyes and slumber upon mine eyelids," he fell into a deep sleep.

He awoke in alarm in the middle of the night. The candle had gone out. He heard quiet footsteps nearby. He felt an urge to cry, "Shaddai, destroy Satan!," but it struck him that perhaps his prayers had been answered in Heaven—this might be his opportunity to capture the evil intruder. A strength that astounded him surged through Rabbi Naphtali. He leaped out of bed with such force that the slats beneath his straw pallet broke. A dark presence stood outlined against the shuttered window. He lunged toward it with a ferocity of a lion. In a flash he had seized it and pressed it to him so violently that he felt ribs snap. Only now did the spirit begin to resist. It shouted something unintelligible, but the rabbi threw it to the floor, clasped it between his knees, clamped its mouth shut with one hand and clutched its throat with the other. He could feel a jerking, hear muffled words, a gurgling. Then it ceased to struggle and was silent. The rabbi had vanquished the demon. As he bound its feet with his sash, Rabbi Naphtali trembled, slavered, and stammered incantations: "Kuzu Bemuchzus Kuzu . . . An arrow in the eye of Satan . . . Yahweh's war with Amalek . . . Thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it."

Although the entity of the netherworld lay quiet, Rabbi Naphtali knew its submission was a sham. Until it was shackled and confined in the cage, it could regain its powers, stick its tongue out as far as its navel, burst into mad laughter, and fly away like a bat.

The rabbi tried to stand, but his legs felt as if they had been chopped off. Sparks flashed before his eyes. His ears rang. "I dare not give in!" he warned himself. "Asmodeus and his companions are merely waiting for me to show weakness."

The rabbi would have to drag the messenger of destruction up to the attic stealthily, so that no one in the house would learn what was going on. Had Gronam Getz been with him, he would have lent a hand—Gronam Getz was familiar with the cabala and knew all the spells and incantations. But the young beadles slept in their own

homes, and even if they had been standing guard in the courtyard the rabbi would not have trusted them to help him with a mission of such gravity.

After a while, Rabbi Naphtali revived somewhat and was able to rise. He leaned down and picked up the creature of the darkness, slung it over one shoulder, and began to move toward the anteroom and the stairs leading to the attic. He knew full well that he was overtaxing his strength, but there were times when one could yield to the body. He crept along the corridor, praying that he would not collapse under his load, God forbid, lest its allies find out and swarm all over him. Several times he bumped against doors and walls. His cloak caught on a hook. When he reached the narrow attic stairs, he was drenched in sweat and could hear the snorting of his own nose. But he refused to take a rest. At any moment his adversary might come to and drag him away to beyond the dark regions, to the gates of Hell, to the ruins of Sodom, to Mount Seir, where Naaman, Mahalath, and Lilith reigned. The rabbi could no longer remember any psalms or conjurations—his brain was dulled and his tongue as thick as wood.

By the time he had climbed to the attic, day was dawning. The blaze of the rising sun shone through the cracks in the eastern side of the shingled roof. The cage could be seen through purplish columns of dust. The rabbi stepped toward it, but he banged against a wooden box full of old books and fell back. In the second before he fainted, he caught a glimpse of the burden under which he had fallen—a boy in a short jacket, his mouth and nose bloodied. Woe is me, it's a human. I've killed him! the rabbi thought as everything went dark.

II

When Rabbi Naphtali opened his eyes again, the sun still shone through the cracks in the roof, but now the light came not from the east but from the west. It took him a long time to grasp this. His bones ached, and his head hurt with a piercing pain. Next to him lay a corpse with eyes glazed, bloody mouth open, face yellow as clay. Only now did he realize what had happened—a youngster had come to rob him. Rabbi Naphtali didn't accept paper money for his services—only silver coins or gold ducats, which he kept in earthen jugs as well as in oak coffers lined in hide and bound with iron hoops. For years he had been making plans to go to the Holy Land to build a study house there, a ritual bath and a yeshiva, and to erect a tabernacle over the grave of his grandfather Reb Menahem Kintzker, who had died in Jerusalem forty years before. "God Almighty, why did this happen to me?" the rabbi mumbled. "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

He stuck out his hand and felt the body's forehead. The brightness of the sunset through the shingles soon dimmed and the attic filled with shadows. A great fear came over the rabbi. He rose with effort and began to shuffle toward the door. If at least he might have died along

with his victim! But it had been decreed in Heaven that he suffer Cain's fate. At the head of the stairs he was forced to sit down. He had to consider his situation. His followers had undoubtedly been looking for him all day, but it would never have occurred to them that he might be up in the attic. There was no sound of movement in the house. They must have given up hope for him, or perhaps they assumed he had ascended to Heaven alive, like Enoch. Rabbi Naphtali had suffered many misfortunes—he had been left in his old age without wife or child—but during all his calamities he had been able to pray and to justify the harsh judgments passed upon him. This day, the first since he became thirteen, he had missed putting on his phylacteries. It was the hour to say the evening prayers, but he could not bring himself to allow sacred words to pass through the lips of a murderer. Of all possible disasters, he had suffered the worst—and at what time in his life; on the brink of the grave!

Ordinarily, the spirits of good and evil fought a constant battle within Rabbi Naphtali, but now both remained silent. Night fell and the rabbi sat enveloped in a gloom like that of the abyss. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" he recited. Should he do away with himself? he thought. Since he had already lost the world to come, what difference would it make? Should he go off somewhere and vanish? Well, but if the thief is a Jew he must be given a Jewish burial. A corpse cannot be left to rot in an attic without ablution, without shrouds, without a mourner's prayer said over it. . .

The rabbi's head sank ever lower and lower. Compared to his ordeal Job's had been a trifle. Rabbi Naphtali had but one request of the Almighty—to die. He now understood the words of the Sages: " 'Very good'—that is death."

The rabbi had fallen asleep and was awakened by voices, noises, the sound of feet. The beadles were running up the stairs to him. The light of a lantern dazzled his eyes. They lifted him in their arms and carried him away. He heard women weeping, men shouting. Am I dead? the rabbi wondered. Is this my funeral? They carried him to a room and put him to bed. They revived him with cold water and rubbed his temples with vinegar. Everyone talked at once but he made no response. Suddenly a new lament rose and at that instant the rabbi understood what had happened. They had found the body in the attic. Someone called out a name; Haiml Cake.

How could this be, the rabbi asked himself. Haiml Cake is no longer a youngster. Soon after, they called another name; Bentze Lip. For all his distress the rabbi realized the connection between these names. Haiml Cake, a horse thief whom the police had beaten so badly that he could no longer steal horses, had become a teacher of young thieves. He must have sent out one of the gang, Bentze Lip, to rob him.

(continued on page 31)

TRANSFORMATION

by Winifred R. Heals

IT FELL gently at first—hesitatingly, one might say. Slowly, very slowly, the dark and unsightly remains of the late fall—the dead branches, the bushes that had lost their luster, the leaves that had lost their color and shape—were covered with white and dazzling snow. Everything was transformed into an unbelievably beautiful picture.

As the snow continued to fall, things were not only covered but took on new shapes, different contours, hardly recognizable. The trees were changed.

So man is changed as he is touched by God's blessing, when he makes a commitment to his Lord. He is changed in his behaviour, and, as snow changes all that it covers, love of God changes not only the appearance of man, but his heart inside, which is filled with love and faith. The whole substance of man's being is changed. As Paul said, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away—all things are become new."

GRACIOUS PRESENCE

by Tom Dunham

A conversation with Dr. William R. McElwee about hospices

"To provide a dying person with comfort, love and peace,
An atmosphere of easiness to help those feeling weak,
To share concerns, to listen well,
To those who still have much to tell,
With smiling faces and physical touch,
We can bring each person so very much."

These lines are the beginning of a poem entitled "Hospice," written by Yvonne Hennebury, R.N., and as much as anything else that might be said about the hospice philosophy, they best sum up the reasons for its existence and the intentions of its members. Since its founding ten months ago, Dr. William R. McElwee has been the religious advisor to the Hospice at The Mercer Medical Center in Trenton, New Jersey. Dr. McElwee has had extensive training and clinical experience in several counseling fields. He has a master's degree in pastoral psychology and a doctorate in ministry from Princeton University. Since 1975 Dr. McElwee has been senior minister at St. Mark United Methodist Church, Trenton, New Jersey.

FIP: What is the hospice philosophy?

Dr. McElwee: Basically, what our hospice team attempts to do is to make the time of moving into dying—the time approaching death—as meaningful as possible. Prior to hospice there was a vacuum. The tendency was to deal only with the medical dimension—to cater to only the physical needs of the patient—and not to provide for the emotional and spiritual needs of the patient AND his or her family.

These matters, in the past, were usually handled by social workers and pastors working alone. At the hospice we have a team approach, with nurses, social workers, doctors, physical therapists, pharmacists, and clergy all meeting and working together to meet all the patient's needs.

FIP: How have you found the needs of hospice patients (terminally ill patients) to be different from other patients?

Dr. McElwee: Well, terminally ill patients are acutely aware that there are definite limits, and they realize they have to come to terms with the problem of what to do about their relationships with friends, family, and loved ones. They feel the urgent need to take care of "unfinished business." I've found that when these problems are avoided or neglected then the period after death, for those who were close to the patient, becomes a grief period filled with guilt, hostility, and anger. If I can help a patient to work through these problems, and help the patient's family to talk with one another and come to a mutual appreciation about what the patient's life has meant to them, then the grief period can be a positive experience. It is so important for those close to the dying patient to give that person "permission" to die. When this "permission" is honestly given, the patient can die without guilt, and those close to him can find emotional support in the fact that at the end there was a good, solid, and honest relationship.

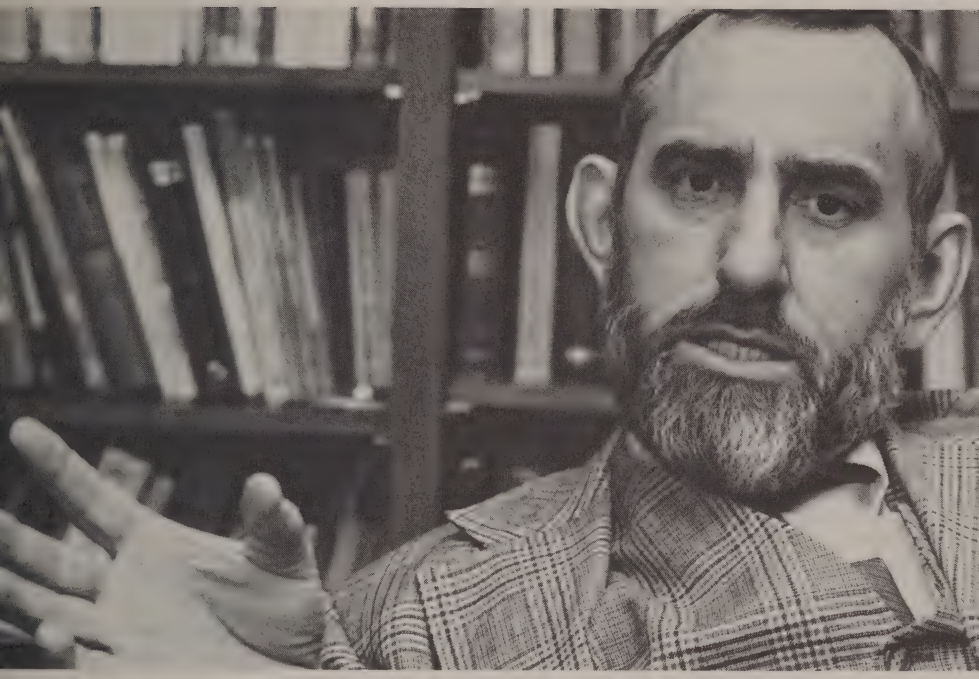
FIP: How do you handle prayer with terminally ill patients?

Dr. McElwee: I've found that patients feel the necessity for closing with the meaningful dimensions in life. They realize that life does not go on forever, and so they don't have forever to "work out" what life is all about. In that awareness, people become receptive to a religious representative who is sensitive to their needs, who understands what they're going through and is able to support them in bringing their religious needs to the surface.

Too often "religious" is judgmental—and that's the last thing a dying person needs. Someone to pass judgment on them! What they want is someone who will listen to them and support them, who will hear what their deep longings are and appreciate what their understanding of their relationship with God has been. They want reassurance.

FIP: What understanding of God do you bring to your relationship with patients?

Dr. McElwee: From my theological standpoint the primary belief I bring is an understanding that, above all, God is gracious. Isn't that what the Gospel is all about?



There is an important confessional aspect to prayer that can only happen when the person doing the listening—the one representing God—communicates grace. When he does, the patient will share those things he's most ashamed of, what most troubles him. Then, a closing prayer can be a prayer that confirms the confession that's been made and pronounces the forgiveness of God. This is so important to a patient—to anyone—who knows that death is close at hand.

FIP: Do you find that relatives and loved ones come to prayer as readily as patients?

Dr. McElwee: Oh, yes. The family is often aware that this may be the last communion—the last meeting. There'll be an eagerness to "reach out." When I suggest a prayer at such a time and take the patient's hand, the patient, in turn, will frequently reach out to another family member with his other hand and we'll form a circle around the bed. Then, in God's presence, we'll say what it has meant to be together as a family. In the prayer we'll give thanks, and ask for help to "let the person go." Trusting him to God's love—whose love has carried him through the years, and given him this meaningful experience.

FIP: How do you relate to patients who express no need for prayer?

Dr. McElwee: I believe that all you can do is try to be a gracious presence. Again, people don't need someone to pass judgment. They know what it is they're ashamed of—what they regret. By being a gracious presence you may heighten in them an awareness of the contrast between what you're bringing—God's love—and what they feel they've been. This often encourages them to express their troubles without fear of judgment or condemnation.

FIP: How do you help patients who want to pray, but feel they can't? Perhaps they don't "know how."

Dr. McElwee: In those cases I ask the patient if he would like to pray, and then I generally do the praying.

FIP: What kind of prayer do you offer?

Dr. McElwee: In all cases I'll try to sum up in the prayer the things I've heard in the patient's conversation which to me express the deeper levels of their understanding of their relationship with God. I'll try to make the prayer as personal—as reflective of their own lives—as I can. Then I'll speak to God with them.

Before we pray, I try to give the patient an opportunity to express the hopes he has had, which hopes have been realized, and to affirm those hopes with them—to say "yes, there are things you *should* feel good about." In our closing prayer these positive feelings and experiences are what I'd refer to, and try to express as having happened through God's love.

FIP: What are the fears of dying patients?

Dr. McElwee: Of course, there is the fear of the unknown—of what's "over there." But I suspect a greater fear is the fear that one's life is going to end up, in sum, as having been a loss, a negative reality. That's where the pain is. The feeling that one's life has been a failure.

Patients tend to die easily and confidently when they feel a sense of confidence about their lives. If I sense they haven't got that feeling of confidence—a feeling that their lives have had real worth—then I'll try to help them achieve it. I'll try to present to them a gracious vision, and encourage them to talk about their troubles. I'll help them understand the value their lives have had. Finally, I'll try to help them understand that this value has been achieved through the love of God, and that God is one who'll accept them, and who'll go the rest of the way with them in gracious love.

"It is so important for those close to the dying patient to give that person 'permission' to die."

A Lifetime in Recurrent Dreams

by Bernice Carroll

". . . our Creator will send those who have preceded us to allay our fears. . . ."

I AM BORN

It's pleasant here on this boat. I am comfortable, safe, and content. The body of water on which the vessel is afloat is of indeterminate size. It surrounds me benevolently and must be my entire world, as I am not yet aware of any shoreline.

Orders have been issued by some one or some thing that I must leave this haven. The reason is unclear, but orders must be followed and I am to travel down through a tunnel to reach a boat that is beneath the water—my foetal vocabulary does not include the word "submarine."

When the time comes I struggle unsuccessfully against leaving. It does no good to protest, and I am forced down the tube. I am tumbling, tumbling; I cannot breathe and am aware that I am in grave mortal danger.

In the next instant I reach my destination and am astonished to find that I have survived. I am alive!

Inexplicably, and happily, the boat on which I find myself is no longer underwater, but on a channel that is sometimes turbulent, other times calm. There are other people—I am now also a person—aboard; there is much confusion, and there are people on other boats traveling in both directions.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

It's a large house, sometimes two stories tall, sometimes more. There are labyrinth passages leading to mysterious and desirable rooms in which I can do anything I want to, and my enemies cannot find me.

There is a vast but comfortable room, ornately furnished, where I am surrounded by those I love and enjoy. But it is the bedroom, whether small or large, that is my favorite room.

And the wonderful thing is that it is my own! I can wander throughout the many rooms as I wish, without regard for consequence, knowing I am completely safe. There is a door that opens into another complete section of the house, equally large and elaborate.

Then a terrible thing happens. This door opens and someone enters to tell me that the house belongs to her. Sometimes she allows me to stay, but I am confined to the least desirable rooms, usually small and unattractive, where the sun does not shine in.

My favorite house is located on an island of the type created by the converging of more than two streets. It has a large lawn with many lovely trees, a green oasis in the midst of busy, hostile streets with rundown houses. My dream tells me that this is not important, because I am happy and secure in my beautiful dwelling.

At other times my house is like one of those posh brownstones in New York City that used to be the preference of fashionable people. Or it is a squalid tenement in Chicago; a large farmhouse; an elegant mansion; or a well-kept house located in a hamlet, such as can be found in eastern Long Island. Occasionally the rooms are small with dilapidated furniture, but always comfortable and exactly what I want.

No matter what the exterior or interior, I glory in this house. Perhaps the best thing about it is that, until the time I am dispossessed, it belongs to me and is a place of no fear, only joy.

I RETURN TO WATER

Sunshine bathes the world as I walk on the sand, and its heat brings no discomfort. It is as though it contributes to my well-being and growth of body cells, as it does to the vegetation growing on either side. I follow the path as it curves and I approach . . . the sea! The beautiful, friendly sea, the blue and welcoming sea! I can anticipate the

pleasure when I enter the water, but will delay doing so in order to intensify my enjoyment.

Besides, there is now someone else there whose presence is important to me. My dream does not articulate the sex of this being, but I must first stay with him/her to talk because I will learn many important things. The dream ends before I enter the water, but it is understood that I will attain this goal. I know that when I do, the sea will engulf me in a completely natural way.

The dream is not always thus, nor is the water always as friendly. Sometimes I am on a wide expanse of beach that slopes down to a large body of water. The atmosphere is festive and many other congenial people are there. I do not hesitate this time, but begin swimming at once. The sensation, once I am in the water, is at once spiritual and cleansing.

Soon I become aware that the sea has become malevolent and will not allow me to return to land. However, I do not become overly alarmed. I struggle only a little and accept the fact that I will not escape. The only sadness I feel is caused by the knowledge that I cannot return to the people I left behind, and I regret the distress they feel and wish there were some way it could be alleviated.

Perhaps this recurring dream manifests the memory of the blood that flows through our veins responding to the eternal movement of the tides, expressing our yearning to return to our common ancestral mother, the deep and imponderable sea.

I DIE

I am walking in an uninhabited land with no conscious destination. I walk almost aimlessly and am at peace.

Presently the path narrows and gradually leads me underground. It becomes a cave and I know that it is not of this world. I am afraid, because it is impossible now to retrace my steps—I must continue this unwanted journey.

Eventually I encounter other people. But—wait! There is something different about them. Then I know that they are also of another world, and I resist them. I don't want to go with them.

As they talk to me, I slowly begin to accept them. I find that they are telling me things I want to hear, things that will help me, and their strangeness evaporates. The dream never allows the journey to end, because time no longer exists.

The frequency with which I have this dream has diminished over the years. In our youth, we probably fear and strongly rebel against the end of life, but find it to be more tolerable, even welcome, as we approach the culmination of our temporary residence in the world.

Isn't it comforting to believe that our Creator will send those who have preceded us, to allay our fears and bring us safely through our journey into eternal peace?

Mary Baker Eddy . . . . THY FAITH HATH MADE ME WHOLE

by Josephine C. Walker

Her theories were always based on the power of God.

SHE was a fragile child, considered not worth educating. At twenty-three, she was left a penniless widow with a posthumous son. Unable to support him, she sent him, when he was eleven, to live with another family; and did not see him again for twenty years. For thirty-five years she was a lonely, forsaken woman in continual ill health, often too weak to stand on her feet, broken in body and spirit. Yet she continued to have faith, went to church, and prayed.

Her name was Mary Baker Eddy. She became one of the most famous women of her time. When she was fifty-seven, she founded the Christian Science religion. At eighty-seven, she took the initial responsibility for publishing *The Christian Science Monitor.*

In 1981—the one-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of her birth—the strength and scope of the religion she founded, and the stature of the first newspaper ever published by a woman, are living testimonies to her dedication and word.

When she was sixty-seven, a small wisp of a woman, she stood before a packed audience at a convention of Christian Scientists, "Return to the truth of Christ Jesus, the Scientist Supreme. It is within yourselves—the power to abolish poverty, sickness, sorrow, and the fear of death. . . . Yield to the spirit within you—the spirit of gentleness and radiance, of beauty, courage, confidence, trust, hope, patience, loving kindness, compassion, and peace—of such are the seeds of health and life everlasting."

The audience sat spellbound. When she concluded, they swept forward to the stage to touch her hand, her dress, even the ground where she stood. Such acclaim and achievement seem hardly possible in view of her early years.

Born in a small New Hampshire village, Mary was brought up under the strong will of her father. She was a nervous, sickly yet lovable child. Because of her frailty and continued ill health, she was

unable to participate in the normal activities of girls her age, and became aloof, introspective, spending much time alone.

In her twenties, she married. Six months later, her husband died, and shortly thereafter she gave birth to their son. Later, she married a second time. Again despair: he deserted her, and eventually they were divorced.

Then something happened. She slipped and fell on an icy sidewalk, injuring her spine severely. Later she wrote, "The physician attending me said I had probably taken my last step." During her stay in the hospital, she asked for her Bible, and one day came upon Matthew 2-7: "And lo they brought him, a paralytic lying on a bed, and Jesus said to the paralytic, 'Be of good cheer, child, thy sins are forgiven—arise and take up thy bed and go into thy house.' And he arose and went away to his house."

To Mary Baker Eddy it was a vision. She said, "I discovered the science of divine metaphysical healing." It produced such a surge of power within her that she said, "I soon got out of bed and walked." The first seed was planted in the development of Christian Science.

For some years thereafter Mary withdrew completely from society. It took time to study her new theory, to decide how best to put it to work. It was during this three-year period that she changed from a temperamental little invalid into an inspired leader."

In 1871, when she was fifty, she began teaching classes in science and healing. Always devoutly religious, her theories were always based on the power of God. In every class, instruction began with a direct confrontation:

Question: What is God?
Answer: Principle, wisdom, love, and truth.
Question: What is principle?
Answer: Life and intelligence.
Question: What is life and intelligence?
Answer: Soul.
Question: Then what is God?
Answer: The soul of man and the universe.

She had to fight for most of her theories. Some people were against her. Many thought her a crank. "I have often felt these hard unloving thoughts of others which come to me like dark clouds and seem to surround me but they never touch me. Why? Because my thoughts were going out to them all the time in love and with a desire to help them."

In 1872 she labored over the book *Science and Health.* After several rejections and unbelievable frustration, it was finally published. One review said, "We will watch with keen interest the results of *Science and Health.* The work shows how the body can be cured and how a better state of Christianity can be introduced."

That same year, Mary and some friends—twelve in all—met

BEAUTY

(From SCIENCE and HEALTH by Mary Baker Eddy.
The First Church of Christ Scientist, Boston, Massachusetts.)

Beauty, as well as truth, is eternal; but the beauty of material things passes away, fading and fleeting as mortal belief. Custom, education, and fashion form transient standards of mortals. Immortality, exempt from age or decay, has a glory of it's own—the radiance of Soul. Immortal men and women are models of spiritual sense, drawn by perfect Mind and reflecting those higher conceptions of loveliness which transcend all material sense.

Comeliness and grace are independent of matter. Being possesses its qualities before they are perceived humanly. Beauty is a thing of life, which dwells forever in the eternal mind and reflects the charms of His goodness in expression, form, outline and color. It is love which paints the petal with myriad hues, glances in the warm sunbeam, arches the cloud with the bow of beauty, blazons the night with starry gems, and covers earth with loveliness.

together to plan a new type of Sunday service. They called themselves "Christian Scientists." Mary conducted several Sunday services, but they were soon discontinued. It was not yet time for a new concept in religion. Mary hoped that traditional churches would accept Christian Science, but also recognized that this would probably be impossible. "Some day, though, I will have a church of my own," said the indomitable lady. She was right. The next year, a larger association was formed which, three years later, officially became "Church of Christ Scientist."

When Mary was in her sixties, together with her third husband Asa Eddy, she moved to Boston and opened a metaphysical college. It was a success from the start. There seemed to be something magical in the personality of the woman who brought new ideas into the troubled world. There was fascination about the very name of Christian Science. Essentially, she said, "Christian Science teaches the supremacy of spirit over matter, of mind over body. This supremacy is based upon the law of God, the law of good, interpreting and demonstrating the divine principle of universal harmony."

Many students were not only disciples but her devoted slaves. "You have given us a new life," said one. A distinguished philosopher once came to visit the college. He spoke briefly to a young man working in the parlor. The youth showed a keen intellect, had an interesting personality. "Do you mind telling me your age?" asked the philosopher. "I'm five years old sir," the boy replied. Then, in answer to the visitor's puzzled expression, he said, "It's five years since I first met Mrs. Eddy."

Her followers increased. They flocked around her and offered money for the perpetuation of the now rapidly growing Mother Church and, in 1894, a magnificent building was dedicated in Boston. Eight years later, an even larger and more impressive temple was built. During the dedication period, in order to accommodate visitors, there were six services held per day.

Mary was unable to attend because she was too old. But she was not too old to continue work. She assumed full responsibility for the publication of the *Monitor*. During her last years, she led a quiet, secluded life, waiting patiently "not for the end, but the beginning of life," as she expressed it. The "beginning" came in her ninetieth year, in December 1910. After her death, a newspaper said, "Hers was a career from which everyone may draw immense inspiration that comes from the spectacle of astonishing achievement."

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"Let us accept Science, relinquish all theories based on sense-testimony, give up imperfect models and illusive ideals; and so let us have one God, one Mind, and that one perfect, producing His own models of excellence. . . ." —MARY BAKER EDDY

A Cage for Satan *(continued from page 16)*

Instead of capturing Satan, he, Naphtali Sencyminer, had murdered a young burglar—perhaps an orphan besides. In the midst of the turmoil the rabbi muttered, "Satan has captured me."

They were the last words his followers heard from the rabbi. In the three weeks that he lingered, he did not speak to those who came to visit him. The beadles dressed him in his prayer shawl and phylacteries, and he mumbled. They handed him a book, and he glanced into it, but no one saw him turn a page. Two days before the rabbi's demise, Gronam Getz came from the hospital and he alone stayed with the rabbi until the end. The rabbi ordered him to burn his manuscripts, not to save so much as a single page, and Gronam Getz did as he was told. The rabbi also dictated a will to him, leaving his entire fortune to the community, with enough put aside to erect a tombstone over Bentze Lip's grave, to hire someone to say the Kaddish over him, and to subsidize men to study the Mishnah in Bentze's name. The rabbi decreed that he himself be buried behind the fence, where heretics and suicides were laid to rest. He warned of severe punishment for any who defied his last wishes. Rabbi Naphtali Sencyminer had killed a human being and he had forfeited the right to lie alongside decent Jews. However, the Hasidim and members of the Burial Society dared to disregard his demands. Many rabbis gathered for the funeral, and they ordained that since Rabbi Naphtali had done what he did unintentionally and atoned for it with a self-mortification that brought about his decease, he should be given a burial with all the honors accruing to a saint and a martyr. The eldest among them, an author of many holy books and a patriarch of eighty, said, "Those who love God more than the soul and heart can bear attempt to destroy the world. So long as there is a world there will also be a Satan."—Translated by Joseph Singer.

From *Old Love, Short Stories* by Isaac Singer. Copyright © 1966. Used by permission of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc., New York, New York.

Relationships
So far as we know
the fiery cherubim
still guard the gate
to Eden—

we must work.
—Pollyanna Sedziol

A Path With A Heart

"Thus most of today's physicists do not seem to realize the philosophical, cultural, and spiritual implications of their theories. Many of them actively support a society which is still based on the mechanistic, fragmented world-view, without seeing that science points beyond such a view, toward a oneness of the universe which includes not only our natural environment but also our fellow human beings."

So concludes Fritjof Capra in **The Tao of Physics** (Bantam, $3.95), a book which "aims at improving the image of science by showing that there is an essential harmony between the spirit of Eastern wisdom and Western science."

The frightening impact of technology and the reduction of man and the world to mechanistic conceptions has lead many of our age to reject science and associate it with the nihilism of the 19th century. *The Tao of Physics* indicates that these assumptions are based on ignorance of 20th-century physics whose findings and values are close if not identifical with the eternal truths of Eastern mysticism and that the path of physics is in the terms of Carlos Casteneda, ". . . a path with a heart. . . ."

Capra's explanation of modern physics and the Eastern traditions makes sense to the layman without oversimplification or trivialization. The reader can experience the bafflement of such great physicists as Werner Heisenberg having to accept a basic indeterminancy in the structure of nature. The dance of Shiva comes alive and our mystical sense can see the God of creation and destruction spontaneously dance in a subatomic world where packets of energy seem to decide on the basis of nothing whether to be or not be.

The mathematics of probability breaks the line between observer and object, making the physicist a participant in the reality he tries to discern. Capra stresses, "In atomic physics, we cannot talk about the properties of an object as such. They are meaningful only in the context of the object's interaction with the observer."

The new physics takes its followers on a path beyond the opposites of Aristotlean logic to something like the ancient Chinese concept of Tao, where the physicist like the sage perceives the "unity of all things." There are risks on this journey. Nature only reveals herself to the diligent seeker. The making of a physicist takes many years of disciplined concentrated study. The difficult language of modern mathematics must be mastered without damaging the intuitive facility necessary to experiment and understand what nature reveals. Capra compares the physicist to the mystic by stating, "The complexity and efficiency of the physicist's technical apparatus is matched, if not

surpassed, by that of the mystic's consciousness—both physical and spiritual—in deep meditation. The scientists and the mystics, then, have developed highly sophisticated methods of observing nature which are inaccessible to the lay person. A page from a journal of modern experimental physics will be as mysterious to the uninitiated as a Tibetan mandala. Both are records of inquiries into the nature of the universe."

To the physicist nature presents koans in the same way that a Zen master does to his students. The bottom sometimes falls out and direction is lost, but wisdom appears and intuitive leaps beyond the capability of the analytic intellect are the rewards of the physicist's path. —B.W.

We seem to be in an age not of fiction nor poetry but biography. An exceptionally fine biography is Justin Kaplan's **Walt Whitman: A Life** (Simon & Schuster, $15), the focus of which, as its title tells, is not on the great volume we know as *Leaves of Grass* but on its writer as a human being. It is as a human—as "one of the toughs," rather than as poet that Whitman is open to discrediting. Mr. Kaplan paints his portrait without flinching but also without pointing a finger in dismay, one of his exceptional qualities as a biographer being the use of his art to explore some highly contemporary perceptions of what really happens in life—how a mere change of name from "Walter to Walt" appears to be responsible for some of the most unusual poems, how a writer's personality is not necessarily the source of his writing but sometimes vice versa. —P.G.

Did Jesus have a twin brother? Are there versions of the life of Jesus different than those in the New Testament? Was early Christianity influenced by Buddhism? These and other questions have occurred to scholars for many years. And there has been evidence of the existence of alternate manuscripts recounting the life of Jesus and the beginnings of Christianity. We know of these traditions from the writings of church fathers who denounced them as heresy.

The matter came to life in the last few decades with the discovery of a packet of manuscripts found in Egypt. Comparable to the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the fifty-two papyrus books were kept from scholars by the machinations of the discoverer and the greed of those who got their hands on them.

This book—**The Gnostic Gospels,** by Elaine Pagels *(Random House, $10)*—is a summary of the contents of these intriguing texts. They contain variants of the biography of Jesus as well as doctrines of a mystical sort which resemble Far Eastern religions. In some, Jesus is painted as less than divine.

Gnosticism itself seems to embody the view that one attains knowledge (*gnosis*) from within rather from on high or from teachers. —S.M.S.

SELF-PITY

by Nixeon C. Handy

Remember Job, poor old Job, sniveling in the dust with boils and heartache, at the end of his rope and even his wife telling him to curse God and die? And then God Himself came down. O that whirlwind. What's up, Job? What's with you? Don't you know your answer is in your own right hand? Come on, Job, you know I created the leviathan that swims in the sea. I gave him home, food, his coming in and going out, his bearing of offspring. You know that. And the behemoth, I created him, beast of the land, to live off the bounty, and he knows which to eat and where to sleep and when to mate. Job, he's my beast and the fish are mine, and Job, you are mine and a long time ago I put all of your answers in your own right hand. The knowing is all right there for the taking. Job, look within. So up with you and get with it. My sun is high in the sky and there is work to be done. For you to do.

And Job got himself up out of the dust and dried up his snivels and the Lord God Almighty blessed him with all godly and worldly things. Job began to live again. With new life, and with new family.

God puts an answer in every person's hand. He places it at the time of creation. Look within. We are Job's family, God's family. Have an inner look into your own right hand. Tell God what you find there. He will work with you to decipher your life.

LETTERS

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your article in Fellowship in Prayer's Report on Holistic Health. I enjoyed our phone interview and am pleased with your interest in educating your membership.

There are some mistakes, though, and I would appreciate a correction.

(a) The Workshop for Living-Learning (WILL) is a training institute for group leaders. It values and facilitates humanistic functioning. It does not teach coping with personality-related illnesses.

(b) Awareness of reduction and/or elimination of stress-related physical problems were first recognized in long-term Hatha Yoga training.

Since I am on the faculty of WILL, I found the misinformation embarrassing. Again, I do appreciate the pamphlet and your interest.

Sincerely yours,
Bernice Blank, Princeton, NJ

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Fellowship in Prayer
20 Nassau Street, Suite 250 East
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MEDITATION

JAITSIRI

O Lord, I am but Thy child, and know nothing of Thy greatness.
I am stupid, silly and ignorant, Lord, have mercy,
And bless me with Thy high wisdom.
Transform this stupid child into a sage.
My mind has been lazy and drowsy.
Then, by the Grace of God, I met the Guru,
And the shutters of darkness have been opened.
O Guru, inspire my heart with everlasting love of God,
And make the Name of the Lord my breath of life.
O Guru, I would die without the Name of the Lord.
It is to me as opium for the addict, who has a craving for it.

From Writings of Guru Ram Dass in Peace Lagoon *(Brotherhood of Life Book, 1971).*

ASK

If
a prayer
is needed for someone
or for yourself,
let us know.

Write
or phone: (609) 924-0880

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Suggested BOOKS

Following are some of the books which have been used in the preparation of this issue:

OLD LOVE, SHORT STORIES by Isaac Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, 1966.

SCIENCE & HEALTH with KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES by Mary Baker Eddy. Authorized Literature of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, 1875.

PEACE LAGOON, compiled and translated by Sardarni Premka Kaur. Brotherhood of Life Books, 1971.

THE PORTABLE JUNG. Viking Press, New York, 1971.

IN THE QUIET NIGHT

I carry in my hand the dove
that sleeps recumbent in the seed—
with my hand I encircle
the new shadow of the wing that is growing:
the root and the feather that will form
the thicket of tomorrow.

—Pablo Neruda

Translated by Witter Bynner

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